

A Story  
— of —  
Stony Lake



BY  
S. CALDER



# A STORY OF STONY LAKE

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

## A Story of Stony Lake

'Twas when the summer's sunny sheen  
Robed Dummer's hills and vales in green,  
Around the shores of Stony Lake  
The wild bird's song sweet echoes wake;  
Gay crowds of tourists sought those isles—  
Fairest on which the broad sun smiles—  
To spend the summer's golden hours  
In pleasure, 'mid those tranquil bowers.  
Among them there was one whose home  
Was far beyond Ontario's foam,  
A youth with ideals, pure and high,  
Reflected in his clear gray eye;  
On pastime bent he roamed the glade  
From rise of dawn till sunset shade.  
Fair Clare's abode had ever been,  
Where Warsaw sleeps, the hills between.  
There, by the good old golden rule,  
She taught the noisy, village school,  
And in stern duty's treadmill round  
No chance for pleasure was there found.  
But even arduous toil must close,  
Vacation comes with sweet repose;  
Short respite now will Clara take  
With friends, beside our far-famed lake.  
Stray by the wood-land green, at will,  
Or climb the rugged wind-swept hill;



Her hammock 'neath the shady trees  
Swung idly in the passing breeze.

First, where McCracken's spring is set,  
Hard by the landing place, they met.  
That spring full well each camper knows  
In lonely grove, it bubbling rose;  
Its crystal waters dripping o'er;  
With verdure clothed the Dummer shore;  
Fresh from its brink the cooling draught  
Had many a weary hunter quaffed.  
By chance they met, but Cupid's dart,  
Unerring, pierced each youthful heart,  
O'er love, Time holds but little sway—  
The growth of years, or one short day.

Together oft in light canoe  
They sailed the waters clear and blue,  
Sometimes would climb old Eagle Mount,  
Afar the cottages to count;  
Oft at the moment's fickle chance,  
In the pavilion joined the dance;  
Listed the warbling bobolink,  
The glories sing of wild Boschink.  
Unheeded pass the fleeting hours,  
When all life's path is strewn with flowers;  
For time on happy pinions flew,  
And near the hour of parting drew.  
Each vowed that Death them true should find,  
Tho' Fortune smiled or proved unkind.  
But evil angel o'er the spring  
Had swooped with pestilential wing,  
It's tainted water soon had spread  
The typhoid fever's burning dread;

Dire panic ruled the gloomy hour,  
Deserted soon was lake and bower.

Fast spellbound, then, was Harold's will,  
He, spite of warning, lingered still,  
Recked not of danger till too late,  
Fell heavy the grim hand of Fate;  
As uncurbed courser o'er the plains  
The fever swept his burning veins.  
Her firm control calm reason lost,  
On restless couch he ceaseless tossed,  
Delirium wild untied his tongue,  
His life in doubtful balance hung.  
Still through the fever's changeful mood  
Clara beside his pillow stood.  
Like angel from the realms blest  
Her hand his throbbing temples pressed;  
Kind Heaven received her anguished prayer—  
In mercy deigned his life to spare.  
At sorrow past their spirits rise—  
Hope gilds again their darkened skies.  
Again their ardent vows they plight,  
Fearing no nightshade's withering blight.  
Hope (o'er the clouds her rainbow hung)  
Spring's ever in the heart that's young;  
But cruel Fate with brow o'er cast,  
Decreed those hours of bliss the last.

Soon summer's glorious prime was past,  
Shrill blew the chilling autumn blast;  
Fair autumn, too, had given place  
To winter's cold forbidding face;  
Nature's pure robe of spotless white,  
Hid Dummer's stony hills from sight.

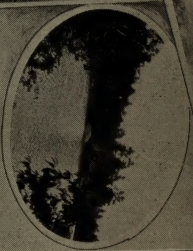
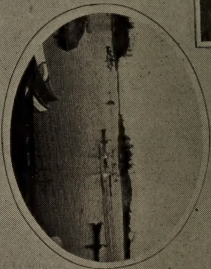
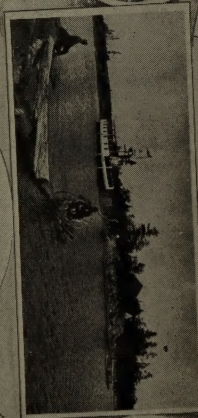
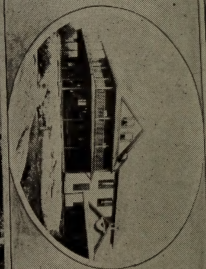
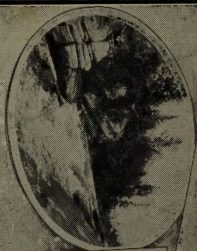
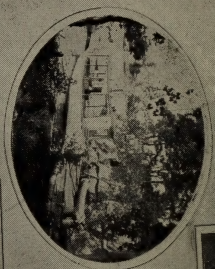
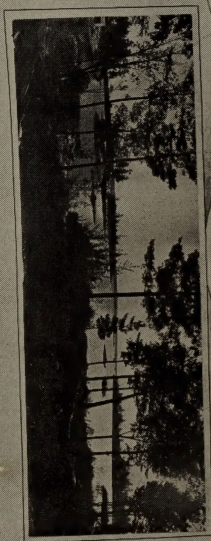
Warsaw's millpond was coated o'er  
With sparkling ice from shore to shore.  
The village youths and maidens fair,  
Oft skated 'neath the bonfire's glare.  
The children, too, from school set free,  
Its surface skimmed with shouts of glee.  
From ancient church tower sounds the bell—  
The same familiar strains to tell,  
"Good will to men, and peace on earth,  
Hail ye to-day, the Saviour's birth."

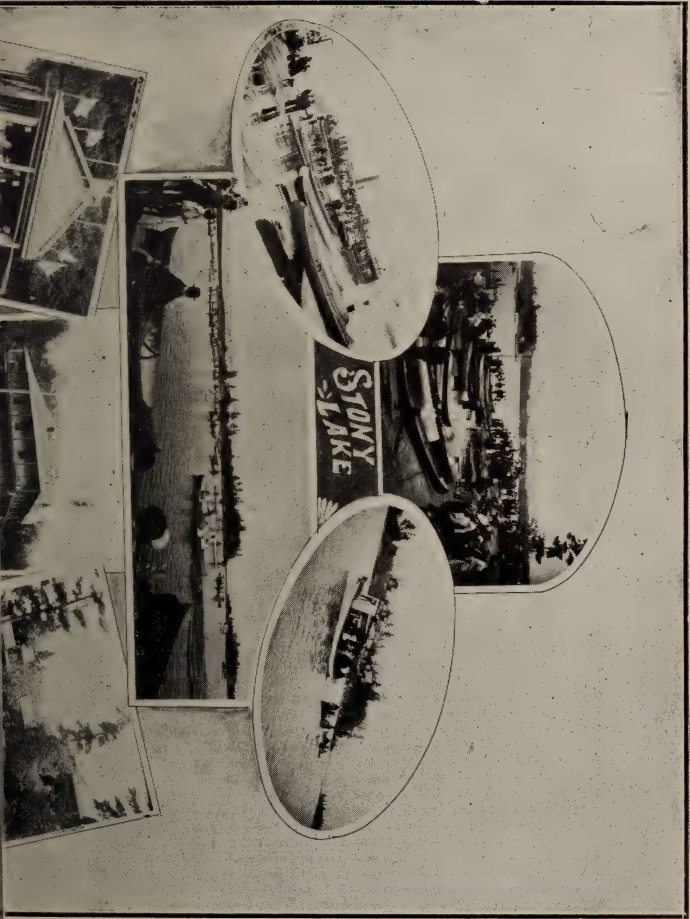
Jingle the sleigh bells o'er the snow,  
Echoes the song or loud hello.  
The neighboring farmers sought the store,  
As was their wont from days of yore,  
To hear the village gossips wise,  
Tell how the prices fall or rise;  
Their lofty aim to seek renown  
By being first to reach the town;  
With news of who's gone West, who's dead,  
Who's going to, or has been, wed.  
Their news retailed, for home they steer,  
Full loaded with good Christmas cheer.  
Others in glad reunion sweet,  
Dear friends around the fireside meet;  
Such scenes like these of bright employ,  
Hold naught but bliss without alloy—  
Not rashly thus in haste decide—  
Oft, 'neath clear skies dark shadows bide,  
So many a face of sunny glow  
Masks but the broken heart below.  
Come where the cross-crowned church spire high,  
Points to our home beyond the sky;  
Within the church where many a day





FAIRY LAKE







VIEW OF STONY LAKE NEAR JUNIPER ISLAND



Our forefathers have met to pray,  
Unwilling to the altar led,  
Clara, her mother's choice will wed.  
That mother had with subtle art  
Sought the fond lovers far to part,  
That she might have her darling near  
Her own declining days to cheer.  
A suitor came to aid her plan,  
Whom courtesy had called a man,  
Nature had given him scanty dole  
Of gifts that mark the generous soul.  
The stunted body but confined,  
A still more dwarfed degenerate mind;  
With gold the loss was then repaid,  
Light in the scale with nobler talents weighed.  
With brow as marble, pale and cold,  
And faltering tongue her vows are told;  
Her broken troth to Harold fell  
Across her heart like passing knell.  
True love with gold was never bought,  
Nor law controlled the wandering thought,  
So while the perjured vow she made  
Her fancy far to Harold strayed,  
Where he with steadfast faith and true,  
No doubt his constant bosom knew,  
Nor deemed a few short months could prove  
How fickle is a woman's love,  
But steady toiled with honest pride,  
Fit home to furnish for his bride.  
At length, obedient to his care  
Rose cottage home of prospect fair,  
Now soon he hopes his waiting o'er,  
To seek the far Canadian shore,  
Where for his safe returning, Clare

Oft breathes to Heaven a pious prayer.  
Fondly the fabric of his dreams  
He wove with ever brightening beams.

Soon on a steamer fast and sound,  
He took his passage northward bound,  
With thoughts that far out-stripped the bark  
That ploughed the waters deep and dark.  
When at Port Hope the anchor flung,  
Gaily upon the wharf he sprung.  
While hastening down the busy street  
A Warsaw friend he chanced to meet,  
Who, in the village gossip versed,  
To anxious ears the tale rehearsed,  
Of how the false and fickle maid  
Lightly his confidence betrayed.  
Sharp was the pang his bosom tore—  
Life's morning sun was clouded o'er—  
No ray of hope around him shed,  
Despair's dark pall was o'er him spread.  
In wrath, Canadian soil he spurned,  
Homeward with weary footsteps turned;  
Long grieved he on his hapless lot—  
Time eased his wound, but healed it not.

At last, a wanderer to the West,  
He went, with sorrow still his guest;  
Restless he roamed where prairies sweep  
Into the sunset's crimson deep.  
From man remote, the mighty calm  
Soothed the worn spirit with its balm,  
The body, which as temple shrine,  
Had willing served the guest divine,  
Slow wasted by untimely blight,

The immortal tenant winged its flight.  
He lies at rest where, stealing by,  
Softly the summer's breezes sigh;  
Nor needs the wreath that fashion brings,  
While o'er his grave the wild flowers spring;  
Sound are his slumbers in that lonely bed,  
As if 'neath marble proud 'mid kindred dead.

But what of her whose feeble will  
Doomed him to such a bitter ill?  
In fortune's gilded path she treads,  
With every blessing honor sheds,  
No cankering care her lot intrudes,  
But white winged peace around her broods;  
The flattering world is still a friend  
To those who at her footstool bend.  
Yet as effect succeeds to cause,  
So Justice follows broken laws;  
Life for a life unfailing still we find,  
Although the mills of Fate may slowly grind;  
None knew the heavy load of grief,  
And vain remorse beyond belief,  
Nor recked of many a wakeful night,  
Or sleep which mocking dreams affright;  
To seek to Heaven she scarce may dare—  
Her broken vows lead-weighted prayer,  
Thus by degrees was suffering paid,  
Till restitution to the full was made.  
Justice appeased, her iron rule withdrew,  
Mercy resumed her gentle sway anew.  
From hopeless love death only brought release,  
At eve the storms of life subside in peace.  
They laid her where the sun's first ray  
Falls on St. Mark's old churchyard gray;

And oft may angels lingering near  
In glist'ning dewdrops shed a tear.  
Write on the slab her grave above,  
"Hope's wreaths of fading flowers are wove,"

This let the young in thought retain,  
That dreams of happiness on earth are vain,  
And when the summer calls again  
To Stony Lake, the blithesome train,  
O'er gayest hearts will gloom prevail  
At mention of the mournful tale.











